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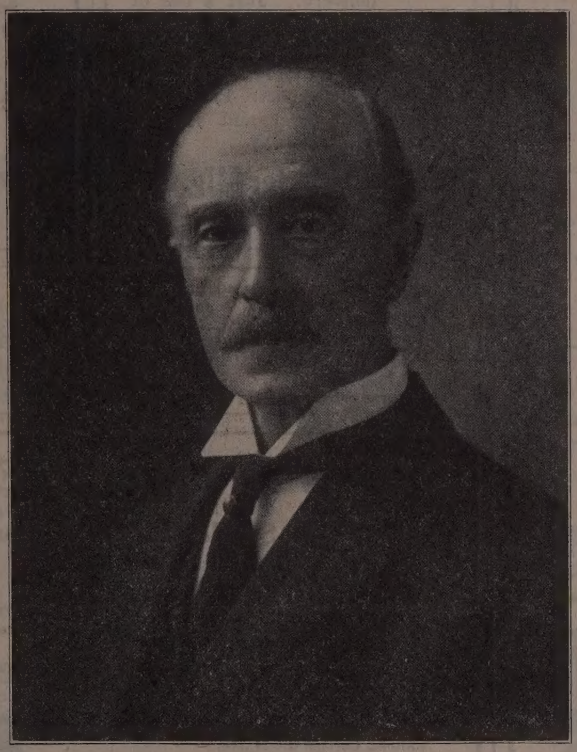
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



WILLIAM APMADOC

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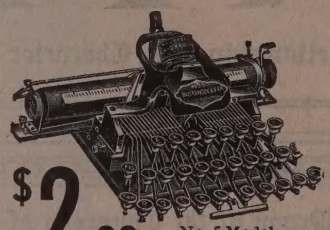

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXVIII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1916. NUMBER 9

WITH THEE.

To Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on his sermon excerpt, "Battle Field Survivals," in the Chicago Examiner, May 29, 1916.

"But thanks to the winnowing hand of Providence, the above survivals are outlived by the tales of self-sacrifice, by the tempering of the spirit, the discipline of the camp, the culture of the heroic, which have been so celebrated by poet, painter and sculptor."

God of all life, when we shall walk,
In Heav'n with Thee beside,
May we the scars of strife reveal,
And thrill with holy pride,
When Thy dear face with tender smile,
Shall bid us welcome for awhile,
Then send us forth again to toil,
For evermore with Thee.

The battlefield of life is Thine,
For ever and a day:
Help us in all our solvings, Lord,
To find Thy better way;
To cast the right of might aside,
With love and reason for our guide:
With faith, that some day we may bide,
For evermore with Thee.

With tempered spirit teach us, Lord,
To blaze anew life's trail,
Thro' paths where sacrifice and love,
And duty cannot fail;
Where storms of stress and strife abound,
Set Thou our feet on holy ground:
Where we in service may be found,
And fighting, Lord, for Thee.

God of all life, Thy pledge of love,
Is wondrous sweet to know,
When we Thy servants hear the call,
And forth to battle go;
Guide Thou our thoughts to gentle ways,
Illume our deeds with heav'nly rays,
That we may spend the endless days,
For ever Lord with Thee.

P. DOUGLAS BIRD.

San Diego, Cal.

At last the long promised book, "Love for Battle-torn Peoples," by the editor of UNITY is out; a comely little volume of a hundred and sixty-six pages, red back and brown covers with label titles. The Church Peace Union in New York has taken half of the small edition for free distribution among its constituency; the other half is already largely disposed of by free copies to such newspapers and writers as are sufficiently interested and disinterested to promote its message. This little book has been projected in the hopes of reaping readers and not for dollars and it is hoped that means will be provided for the speedy issue of a much larger edition to be freely distributed among legislators, teachers and preachers. One loyal advocate of peace and friend of UNITY has already sent his check to cover the publication of an additional thousand for such distribution and $925 will print an edition of five thousand, which would be none too many to meet the pedagogical and ethical opportunities that lie before this little missionary in a sadly neglected field. The type is kept standing. Any reader of this note interested in the further distribution of the book will please send their good intentions promptly to the editor. Remember that $212 will print 1,000 copies and $925 will print 5,000 copies of this little messenger of love.

It is interesting to know that Doctor Silas Evans, President of Ripon College, Wisconsin, had twenty Chautauqua engagements last season at which he offered his "Plea for International Peace." This and many other similar facts go to show that, the newspapers notwithstanding, the public, as Doctor Evans says, are certainly ripe for this plea.

"The Mexican American League" is the title taken by a little group of men who realize that the Mexican ills are deeply rooted to be cured by an invading army, and who believe that the campaign of education and international fraternity is the best and only "preparedness" that will keep the United States out of trouble and preserve its honor. Among the members of this committee are David Starr Jordan, Dr. Paul Kellogg, editor of *The Survey*, Washington Gladden of Columbus, Ohio, Moorefield Storey, Dr. Lynch, Professor Irving Fisher, and others. In the elder Egypt, the vote of a prophet was said to count one hundred. By this method of measurement, this committee is very numerous.

Doctor C. G. Woodson is not unknown to UNITY readers. He is a young man of color, a graduate of Harvard, who has projected the quarterly entitled, *The Journal of Negro History*, which is already meeting with commendable success. This journal goes to all parts of the world and finds its place in the libraries and reading rooms of all the leading colleges. Doctor Woodson's book, "The History of the Education of the Negro Prior to 1861," is also breaking new ground and giving new interest to the story of the achievements of this rising race that is commanding a place for itself in the esteem of the competent. The *Journal* is offered for the low price of $1.00 per year. Back numbers are available, bound, for $3; single copies for fifty cents. Publication office, 1216 Twelfth Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

"Indian Babies, How to Keep Them Well," is an elegant pamphlet, printed on fine paper, profusely illustrated, issued by the Department of the Interior. Doubtless it is sorely needed by the poor red man. One out of every three babies born to him dies before it is three years old, says the Commissioner. This pamphlet is small amends for the black record of cruelties visited upon the heads of the primitive owners of this country, but we cannot see why the Department of the Interior should not issue a larger edition with the word "Indian" omitted. Perhaps they are doing so. We like to suspect that back of this pamphlet is found somewhere the benignant hand of Julia Lathrop, maiden mother of all babies who need a friend. Her maternal offices come to her through national appointment. Economists and uplifters of a certain type are very much afraid of "Paternalism" in government. Let us try "Maternalism" for a little while. Perhaps that wouldn't be so scarey.

A "Voice from the People," in the *Chicago Tribune,* tells of Holland's real neutrality. We are told that the exportation of arms and armament was forbidden from the start, thus preventing the growth of war industry and causing no sullen hatreds on the part of certain powers. By this very process it "has earned the good will of the belligerent powers." This triumph of impartiality, this splendid self-control, this high suppression of greed, commercial ambition and financial recklessness, is a mountainous rebuke which this little country has unwittingly given to our big country which has taken advantage of our governmental neutrality to exploit the war into unparalleled wealth. Now we are happy in a powder and shrapnel "prosperity," and "business" justifies the dastardly belligerence of individuals and corporations on the score that it means no favoritism and is quite indifferent as to which direction the deadly missiles are to take their flight. These complacent "business men" of the United States find their companions in that Scotch regiment of long ago, of which Carlyle speaks, that petitioned the government for active service on the continent, leaving the government to decide to which side they should be hired out.

The Methodist Church, true to the spirit of John Wesley, bids fair to become the leader among the denominations in the work of interpreting religion in terms of social service. Harry F. Ward, the efficient Secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, a few years ago was the suspected young man in the Chicago ministry on account of his "socialistic tendencies," so-called because of his real sympathies with the working man and his success in enlisting their sympathies and co-operation. Bishop Henderson, in order to further this side of the church work, has appointed Rev. John G. Benson to work with him in the interest of community activities in the local churches, and has given him the significant title of "social engineer." A notice of this appointment from headquarters says:

> Mr. Benson has shown that he can appeal to the various sections of the population within a community and secure a response. His pastoral work in Terre Haute and Brazil, Indiana, indicates that he thinks in terms of the future.
>
> "We expect to touch," says Mr. Benson, "the great industrial group of the copper region; we shall try to reach the students throughout the area, and we shall make definite appeal to the great crowd of folks who go to Chautauquas."
>
> In addition, Mr. Benson will help the local churches and pastors within the area to work out general plans for community service for extending the influence of the church, and for following such specific opportunities for service as are presented in each local field.

The Council of the General Unitarian Conference has accepted the invitation of the Unitarian Church of Montreal, Canada, to hold its next biennial session with that body in September, 1917. It will celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of that church, and the 100th anniversary of the agreement between the United States and Canada, known as the Rush-Bagot agreement, by which the common frontier of the Great Lakes was "freed from all fortification and other signs of hostility and distrust,"—perhaps the greatest diplomatic triumph for Peace in the history of the race. The longest boundary line on the globe, beset with irritating interests and oftentimes occupied by irritable men, has kept the peace for one hundred years because there was no "preparedness" on either side. It is quite fitting, then, that the Unitarians, who have labored so long to interpret their name in terms of *unity* as well as of *unit,* the oneness of man as well as the oneness of God, should resolve to cross the lines in these days of suspicion and national sensitiveness. The council, in announcing their intention to make this the First International Session, have assumed a high task and entered into a great possibility. Will they be equal to it? A meeting that will call together high representatives of American and English Unitarianism will be a commendable undertaking, but the *internationalism* will be missing if there will not be spokesmen there from all the countries of Europe, the motherland of India, and from the representatives of the yellow races, China and Japan. We congratulate the committee on their great opportunity, and bid them good-speed on their high endeavor. With John Haynes Holmes as chairman of the committee, great results are to be expected. Internationalism means Peace, not won on the battlefields, but by the high diplomacy born out of a deep-seated sense of a linked brotherhood surrounding the globe, and an attendant hatred of all the

things that interfere with the growth of such brotherhood.

The Manufacture of Noise

HAND-MADE PATRIOTISM.

The "spellbinder" and the much-caricatured "stump orator," who "waved the flag" and "made the eagle scream," are, in the minds of the thoughtful, the truly patriotic citizen, beings of the past. In recent years, even in the quadrennial intensity of presidential campaigns, the "orator" has presumed to deal in arguments rather than in rhetoric, to set forth in a rational manner the considerations which justify party division, and to offer the logical basis for the selection of the ballot on the part of the voter. Said voter is now supposed to "keep his head" as well as his conscience, and in the privacy and sanctity of the Australian ballot booth, do his duty as he sees it.

It is a sad reaction, then, that has taken place in some quarters, one promoted not in the backwoods and in the open air, but in the crowded city, in the great amphitheatres where are gathered greater aggregations of human beings than ever before it was possible to bring within the reach of one human voice and within the power of one personality. The manufacturing of enthusiasm, the systematic creation of noise, is one of the latest triumphs of metropolitan co-operation.

"LEADERSHIP" is a term much in vogue in these days. It represents a social and economic reality of great significance. "Captains of Industry," "Masters of Men," "Civic Engineers," these terms and many more indicate high achievements of civilization and show the trend of democracy. But it remained for Chicago to lift noise-making into a science, to organize the hurrahing power of human lungs into a fine art. The highest achievement in this direction known to the present writer was that which was reached recently in the great Dexter Pavilion, the show amphitheater of the Stockyards, when, as one paper puts it, "18,000 people lifted the roof and maintained a 34-minute roar" over the popular speaker, while thirty seconds represented the spontaneous cheer for one who is a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the citizens of the United States, which carries with it the most solemn responsibilities resting upon one head in all the world. The noise does not prove that the orator of the day enlisted the confidence of that 18,000 people more than did the candidate in question, but it means that a "committee," sagacious in the handling of crowds, skilled in the *manufacture of noise,* experienced in the *making of enthusiasm,* took the matter in hand. They organized the "34-minute roar," and they succeeded as only Chicago can succeed in great industrial undertakings. It was a systematic mobilization of human brawn, for this was a muscular achievement.

How this is done is clearly set forth by the current papers. We quote from a morning paper, hoping that the readers of UNITY will be moved into the seriousness that seeks silence when they contemplate these awful noises:

CHEER WAVING OF THE FLAG.

Ten minutes after the demonstration started a man mounted the platform and handed a small flag to the "Orator." He waved it—another paroxysm from the audience.

The band burst out and —— ——, waving his black slouch hat, led the cheering. So far as the din was concerned it was just opening the swells a bit and making it fortisimo.

Colonel —— ——, behind the "Orator," beamed; so did —— ——, —— —— and —— ——.

Someone handed a *club labeled* "Teddy's Big Stick" to the "Orator." Again the bedlam was redoubled.

The band burst into "Dixie," and "A Hot Time in the Old Town," and a woman handed the "Orator" a silk flag which he waved.

Twenty minutes of the noise and the "Orator" asked the band to play "Garry Owen."

In the "Orator's" buttonhole was a sprig of green as large as a bunch of lettuce. As the musicians broke into the rollicking Irish air, the "Orator" beat time with hand and foot.

Almost an Irish jig step it was. And the audience went wilder than ever.

—— —— now went in as a cheer leader and the crowd again lifted the roof.

Thirty-four minutes the pandemonium raged until it was quelled.

The "Orator" grinned and joined in the tumult. He jumped up and down, did jig steps and suggested tunes for the band to play.

As the campaign is drawing to a close, let us hope that there will be given time enough for the "sober second thought." Let every voter be persuaded that whatever the result may be on next Tuesday, the solid sub-soil of American democracy will remain intact. Whichever candidate assumes the President's chair on the first of March, 1917, will carry with him the high loyalties of the American people, and the sincere prayer of all earnest voters. Those who voted against him will realize on the eighth of November that there was more good in him than they had admitted. The result will be praiseworthy, whichever way it goes.

But reaction from the fatiguing noise making, the awful extravagance of energy and money, poured into this campaign by both leading parties, will leave, as all fever leaves, a sub-normal temperature, to be slowly overcome. It may well be asked if the millions of dollars contributed by men whose contributions are counted in five figures or more, might not be better expended; and what's worse, will these lavish subscriptions, this fever-producing medicine, be the excuse for the shrinking of contributions for the undemonstrative but ever persistent causes that seek to elevate humanity, promote art, foster the forces that make for morality and religion.

Alas for the capitalist whose ante-election subscriptions make him mean toward the post-election causes that have perpetual claim upon his purse and his time and his strength.

It is a comforting reflection that whichever candi-

date is elected, he will be kept busy, for a while at least, in trying to live up to the high promises he has made before election.

A Modern Bard of Cambria

We need offer no apology to our readers for devoting the major part of this issue of UNITY to the memory of William ApMadoc, who for twenty-four years was the Precentor at the Sunday services of All Souls Church at the Abraham Lincoln Centre and the ever willing co-worker and comrade of the editor of UNITY.

Though Mr. ApMadoc was well known as a teacher of music in the High Schools of Chicago, as a gentleman, a scholar and an enthusiastic interpreter of music in many publications, his real life was devoted to the development of the literature and songs of Wales. He spoke and sang, wrote and composed readily in English and for the English, but his greatest service was to the Welsh people and to the Welsh language. Although already smitten with the infection that terminated his life, he continued at his post as leader of the singing at the Abraham Lincoln Centre until the minister departed on his summer vacation in June last. Then the infection again carried him to St. Luke's Hospital where after a lingering illness he yielded the fight, and on the 12th of August the spirit escaped the otherwise stalwart body that for seventy years had served the spirit well. On the 15th the memorial services reported in these columns were held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

The notice of such a life is always timely, and the appearance of this memorial number, belated by stress of circumstances, not from the want of love or appreciation on the part of his co-workers, needs no editorial apology.

Mr. ApMadoc, as will be seen from the tributes herein printed, was widely known among Welsh people. Probably no Welshman was more widely known wherever the Welsh language is spoken or read. The *Drych,* the organ of the Welsh, published in Utica, as well as the *Cambrian* and other papers interested in the Welsh people and their literature, contained extended notice and many tributes in prose and in verse, all emphasizing the versatility of the man. Other Welshman exceeded him in power on particular lines doubtless, but America has known no Welshman so gifted on so many lines. He wrote vigorous prose in both languages, he was a fertile versifier, an adept in the complicated technicalities of Welsh poetry. He was a composer highly prized by his fellow countrymen, a famed director and adjudicator of the unique institution of the Welsh, the *Eisteddvod.* He crossed the seas several times during his American career to join with his countrymen in their festival of song and poetry, and at the last great *Eisteddvod,* held in connection with the Panama Exposition in San Francisco, he officiated in the ancient Druidic rites as Chief Bard. We also publish an article from the pen of Mr. ApMadoc himself on this unique institution of Cambria.

For six centuries or more the Welsh have had no "flag" to flaunt in the face of martial hosts; they have had no "land" to save, no kings to do honor to. But while overshadowed by a dominant and oftentimes arrogant ruling race, the people in that rocky fragment of England have rallied round their language and have kept the fires of patriotism aglow by song. They have preserved the national consciousness ever in danger of excessive zeal through their dual love of poetry and music.

The ancient bard of Wales was an adept on the harp, and he interpreted his compositions by the melody of that instrument and the persuasiveness of his voice. ApMadoc was a veritable modern Cambrian Bard who could sing his own verse, accompanying the same on the evolution of the harp, none the less a thing of strings because operated by keys.

An earnest, active, devoted man was Mr. ApMadoc, and his memory will be held in tender remembrance by those who enjoyed the privilege of working with him in the interest of the higher life. UNITY extends its sympathy and fellowship to the bereaved family and to his widely distributed friends, and would fain offer its services in the promotion and perpetuation of those pursuits of the spirit to which Mr. ApMadoc gave his life.

We close with a short outline of the career of this truly unique, virile, forceful and loving personality.

William ApMadoc, a native of South Wales—land of singers and music readers—received his first instruction from his father, musician and composer; entered National Eisteddvod musical and literary reading contests at an early age, receiving the "Gorsedd" medal and degree; graduate of "Lewis Musical Institute"; Tenor-soloist of "Llwyvo Concert Troupe" in British and American tours; at Utica, N. Y., vocal and reading instructor at The Ladies' Seminary, organized and directed the Harmonic Society, director of First Presbyterian and Westminster Church Quartets; came to Chicago in 1890; organized the Kymrodorion Society; elected voice instructor at Lake Forest University; musical director of All Souls Church, Chicago, since 1892; initiated and organized the World's Fair International Eisteddvod, 1893, the most imposing competitive festival of modern times; music director of Chicago High Schools since 1895; lecturer on "Music in the Public Schools," "Essentials of Music Reading," "The Bard Harpists and Melodies of Wales"; Adjudicator at 134 Eisteddvodic musical contests, including the Buffalo Exposition (1902), and the St. Louis Exposition (1904) choral competitions.

"Pack a head tight with ideas," said an old pedagogue, "and they will keep each other in place."

"I generally divide my favors," said Fortune, "by giving a gift to one and the power to appreciate it to another."

Funeral Service of William ApMadoc

AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, AUGUST 15, 1916.

Notwithstanding the vacation season there was a large attendance at the funeral service, held at the above place and date. The Welsh people came from all parts of the city and many from out of town. Mr. ApMadoc's colleague, Dr. Rhys-Herbert, who has collaborated with him in the production of the cantatas, "Bethany" and "The Nazarene," came all the way from Minneapolis, and presided at the piano while the Welsh people present, sitting in their seats, and with no visible director, sang with wonderful power and pathos the great resurrection hymn of the Welsh, "Mai myrdd o Rhyfeddodai."

The Rev. John E. Jones, pastor of the South Side Welsh Congregational Church, spoke a few words of appreciation. He said:

"A great man has fallen on sleep in our Israel and his memory should be very precious."

The Rev. John C. Jones, pastor of the Hebron Church, the Welsh Presbyterian Church on the West Side, of which Mr. ApMadoc was a member, spoke tenderly as "one of the two pastors of the deceased," and read a tribute prepared by a member of the congregation which is printed elsewhere.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in the concluding address, said:

"I have lost a comrade, a friend, companion and colleague in the upper realms of my life. I will miss his inevitable cheerful Cambrian greeting on Sunday mornings before entering upon my pulpit ministrations. For almost a quarter of a century he has been with us, leading our singing in church and Sunday School. Through all these years there was never so much as an inflection of discord, dissent or friction between the pastor and the chorister of this church, a remarkable record as all musicians will confess. Both church and Sunday School have lost one who ever co-operated with the pastor in trying to make the church music classic as well as spiritual. He insisted on high execution, as the pastor did on sincere words. Neither the leader nor the teachers and workers in Sunday School or church desired to employ music as an "attraction." We have been saved all these years the element of fever and uncertainty that often goes with trained artists and hired choirs. We had indeed a leader who tried to give dignity and power to the old tunes, oftentimes wedded to new words, old because of the deathless qualities they contain.

"But we mourn the death of one who was more than a musical leader in this or any church. The Welsh people have lost in him an eminent interpreter, more eminent than his English speaking friends in All Souls Church could understand. They could not enter into the larger regions of his life, rounded and ripened by study on highly specialized lines. He was a man of enthusiasm based on research and wide reading, and only those who have heard him on the *Eisteddvod* platforms can know with what grace of bearing, mental agility the two languages met and were blended in him. Its is an academic saying that he who knows two languages has two souls. In all my acquaintance I have never known another who so fully realized this maxim of the scholar. He was a diligent student of English literature, an authoritative student of Celtic lore. Epigrams, snatches of bardic wisdom, apt quotations and rhythmic lines were ever at his tongue's end. For many years and in many ways, from San Francisco to Boston, this man was able to transmit the Welsh inheritance and the message of its bards, through vital music, wedded to sonorous and, as the Welsh people fondly hope, deathless words.

"But more than this, at this solemn moment it is for me to say that in the death of Mr. ApMadoc human brotherhood has lost a forceful advocate, a striving spirit. Beyond his intellectual lore and Welsh aptitude was a spirit ever striving toward the ideal. His was a phenomenal hunger of soul. Through my thirty-four years of ministry in this pulpit no man gave to me more loving listening or brought to me a more open mind; no one was more quick than he to catch a point or more anxious and ready to perpetuate it and prolong its influence. It was almost pathetic to see how anxious he was to save the phrases that pleased him. How almost enviously he handled my latest books. This passion to read and to know always tempted me to say, 'Take the book. Take anything you like.' Modest and retiring as he was, he went away unhappy if he had to leave after the Sunday morning services before he had the opportunity to learn the source of a citation or the name of an author. How I rejoiced in his aptitude for new things. At threescore and ten he hungered for fresh information. I have lost a fellow student as well as fellow laborer.

"All this shows you how these three friends and ministers seated on this platform, three Joneses, find so many things to admire, so much in common in the life and work of this man.

"It is not for me at this time to speak the more tender and intimate memorial word that belongs to the pastor of the parental church to which he belonged. So let me spend a moment more in loving interpretation of the man who has left a lasting impression upon successive generations of Sunday School children. He was a creative musician, endowed with so much musical culture and refinement, that he was able many times to say when a new hymn or song grew out of our resources with no tune to fit, 'I will either make or find one.' He knew the difference between a new thing and a good thing; not but what some new things are very good, but the noble old things, the tried, must not be turned aside for the untried new things. His standards of life, as of literature and music, were high. The friction of this hurried city sometimes strained his sensitive nerves, but they never succeeded in diverting him away from his loved ideals. He was an idealist. He cherished the dreams of bard and philosopher. He looked for power to come through the counters of thought, the interpreters of the heart.

"In speaking of these things I am talking of things eternal. Recognizing this inner light of the soul, I recognize the unquestioned predestination of the human heart to immortality. I speak of God when I speak of God-like attributes. I recognize the fatherhood when I understand the splendid sonship, a child of the father, a brother of man. Glad as he was in any display more or less of the Celtic fires, of dreams found along Welsh byways, still more glad was he and more appreciative when I succeeded more or less successfully in sounding the notes of universal brotherhood, in climbing above the limitations of race, nation-

ality, language, or creed. He was a student of things universal.

"I hurried from my rest in the shade of Tower Hill up in Wisconsin to speak this unpremeditated word of appreciation of this comrade and personal friend, this exceptional servant of the church which it is my pleasure to serve, this conspicuous representative of the race to which I belong; but most of all, of this child of God who rejoiced in being at the heart of whatever instrumentalities might make for the extension of human brotherhood, for the obviating of dividing lines, for the destruction of dogmatic barriers to the Kingdom of God on earth.

"Great, loyal, suffering, joyous brother, Hail! Farewell! Or, rather let me say, Farewell! and Hail!"

At the close of the service many friends accompanied the earthly casket to its resting place in Mount Hope, the services at the grave being conducted by his pastor, the Rev. John C. Jones of the Hebron Church.

TRIBUTES.

WRITTEN BY MRS. D. R. JONES OF THE HEBRON WELSH CHURCH AND READ AT THE SERVICE BY REV. JOHN C. JONES, D. D., PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

William ApMadoc.

A man of distinction has passed away; a man of culture, of ability; a man of achievement, of unimpeachable integrity and unusual kindliness of heart; a man of whom any nation, great or small, might well be proud.

Seldom is seen one whose gifts are so diversified, whose avenues of expression were so various. He was a fervent patriot—public-spirited to a high degree. He gave unstintedly of time, knowledge and experience for the benefit of those who desired to listen and learn.

Men of his stamp are men of altruism. They give themselves to the world. They are so full of the visions they see, and so anxious that others may see, that they give generously, graciously, lovingly.

Every duty lovingly performed, no matter by whom, is filled with the same spirit and makes life worthy and notable.

He was a man of high ideals. The artist has more than one problem to solve. He must be true to the exigencies of his material environment and at the same time conserve and pursue to attainment his inner idealism.

In his formal connection with public education, he sought to convey to those under his immediate instruction the interpretation and the soul of the theme as it appealed to him. He was highly spiritual, and in all of his public work he made the minor details of technique subservient to the higher domain of the thought in the message of the composer to the world.

As a conductor of Eisteddvodai he had few equals. When he stepped upon the platform the audience recognized his capacity for leadership, and the response in sympathy and interest was immediate and lasting.

It was a rare treat to meet and converse with him. One felt immediately that here was one who lived in the atmosphere of the intellectual, the artistic and the spiritual.

His life was pre-eminently a life of service. As a nation we remember his labor of love in connection with others at the time of the World's Fair Eisteddvod in our city. Volumes of correspondence attest his prodigious capacity for work and his executive ability in carrying out the plans for this colossal affair. His wide acquaintance with men and women of standing was an invaluable asset and counted for much in the final artistic success.

The Eisteddvod has been called the University of the Cymro, and university is here used in the rare old time sense, when the student was not only resident, but the haven of the traveler from afar in search of the stores of knowledge conserved therein. Mr. ApMadoc was one of the best exponents of the Eisteddvod.

He was a true descendant of the ancient Briton—a typical Welshman. He looked into the past and beheld the vast inheritance in literature, in song, in spirituality. He labored zealously that the present generation might realize its rich heritage.

There will be grief in many lands, wherever Welshmen may be found, but there will also be loving memories. This is the opportunity of the nation to pay tribute to one of its best known and best loved men.

Our final vision of this pure Briton, this noble Celt, this apostle of the beautiful and the true, is of one contending manfully in the struggle for life, as in the battle for the right, with the courage and fearlessness of his race, relinquishing only at the command of the great Leader above.

The heavenly harp awaits him, and already the everlasting song has burst from his lips.

If we listen, we may hear.
If we look, we may see.

FROM THE REV. H. D. ROWLAND, D.D., FORMER PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH OF DAVENPORT

My Dear Doctor Jones:

I mark the great loss to your congregation at the Abraham Lincoln Centre in the death of our congenial and estimable friend, Professor ApMadoc. I had known him as a personal friend for over a third of a century, and have known his reputation still better. He was better known East than in the West, and in the principality of Wales no American-Welshman had as great a reputation. He was of a most genial spirit in social relations, an interesting conversationalist, and well informed over a wide range of subjects, so that in all social circles he was a welcome member and guest.

His uniqueness consisted not in a conspicuous superiority in one department of activity, but in his endless versatility of mental endowments and his wonderful adaptiveness to so many various functions. Nature had provided him with an attractive presence and winsome personality, which a liberal early education and a refined social home had improved and developed. The community in which was spent his youth and young manhood abounded in means and opportunities to nurture and unfold character possibilities and mental potencies. ApMadoc assiduously regarded his privileges.

He was a public speaker of no mean ability, having an excellent command of diction as well as of subject matter. True to his Celtic nature, he had a poetic imagination which bloomed in lyrics of exceptional merit. Such minds are usually counted as lacking in

critical acumen; but in literary circles in Wales and in this country he was considered one of the most scholarly and reliable critics in literature, music and oratory, and for an age of time his services were sought and engaged in the Eisteddvod in both countries. He had been a choir leader of marked ability. As a singer you knew him better than I; but no doubt his voice had lost some of the melodiousness of his earlier years. His critical writings in English and Welsh literary and musical publications are of special merit.

As an organizer and leader of musical and literary events he was unequalled. His intelligent and masterly grip of the situation, a natural gift for organizing and directing, an alert and magnetic personality, all pervaded by a gentlemanly spirit and manner—an iron hand in a soft glove—combined to make him the most popular leader of great musical and literary assemblies. Often he overtaxed himself. Probably his laborious management of the San Francisco Eisteddvod last year did much to impair his vital energies in the fight against the sickness he suffered and which ended his life of service and honor.

Earth is better for such lives and "the choir invisible" richer for their accession.

With personal sympathy with you in the loss of so good a friend and efficient a helper, I am

Sincerely yours,

REV. H. D. ROWLAND, D. D.

621 *Elmwood St., Oak Park, Ill.*

FROM REV. E. W. EVANS OF WYOCENA, WIS.

Welsh music, poetry and literature have lost one of their most enthusiastic supporters through the lamented death of Mr. ApMadoc. He was acknowledged by his countrymen to be an authority upon all matters pertaining to the muse, and his contributions to the Welsh press were the fruit of persevering study and a close acquaintance with the best authors. The Welsh nation mourns the loss of one of her most gifted and patriotic sons.

Wyocena, Wis. E. W. EVANS.

FROM "THE CAMBRIAN."

For nearly thirty years William ApMadoc was a resident of Utica, and during that time none was better known here, especially in musical circles. He was a singer and a composer of marked ability, as well as a poet, writer and critic, and he made his influence felt in the community. Moreover, he possessed a commanding and distinguished appearance, coupled with a grace of manner and felicity of speech that won for him immediate admiration and recognition. At the time of his residence in Utica he was easily Utica's best known musician in the full acceptance of that term. He at one time sang in the First Presbyterian Church in that city, but his chief work was as a teacher and choral leader. He taught hundreds of private pupils in Utica and conducted singing schools and concerts in all the towns and villages of this region. In some of the schools of this section, notably Waterville, he taught music, giving a portion of one day each week to this work. Wherever he conducted a singing school he concluded the term with a concert, in which the pupils under his guidance and direction participated, and the occasion was always a community event.

While in Utica Prof. ApMadoc was active in Welsh affairs and an ardent patron of the Eisteddvod. At one time, in connection with the late T. Solomon Griffiths, he edited a Welsh periodical known as *Blodau'r Oes,* for he had literary as well as musical ability, and wrote with felicity and grace, especially on musical topics. For years he conducted a music department in *The Drych* and *The Cambrian,* published in Utica. A few years ago he was invited to conduct the Eisteddvod in Utica and accepted the invitation. When he appeared on the platform he received an ovation that testified to the admiration in which he was held by his many friends.

Mr. ApMadoc is aptly described by his own people in the principality, as well as by those in the United States, as "a man of many talents." In the literary and musical competitive festival called "Eisteddvod," ApMadoc had been awarded prizes by the ablest critics, such as Dyved, Myvyr, Caledvryn (Bardic names) and others. He had served in all the functions of this festival 136 times. It was Judge H. M. Edwards of Scranton, Pennsylvania, a notable literary scholar, who wrote in *The Druid* that ApMadoc was the only one of his nation who could organize and hold an Eisteddfod alone and fulfill all its functions. He had just been chosen one of the adjudicators and conductors at last July's International Eisteddfod of the Panama Exposition. For twenty-two years he had been conducting the singing at All Souls Church, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor.

FROM THE EDITOR OF THE "CHICAGO MUSICAL TIMES."

Professor ApMadoc, by his talent and tact, has won a high standing among the Chicago musical fraternity. His criticisms upon compositions and performances are sought by musicians as well as by magazine editors, for, in passing judgment, he is always conservative and constructive. Because of his sterling character, his attainments in music and literature, the poetic quality and instructiveness of his adjudications, his musical and literary contributions to Cambro-American magazines, his name is a household word among his own people, and he is held in high esteem by English and American scholars.

FROM LOCAL PAPER AT OAK HILL, OHIO.

The visit of this talented and versatile man has been an inspiration to many people musically and religiously. He, by the most charming and winning methods, brought out the true expressions of many songs of the sanctuary. The interpretation he gave of many familiar songs was a revelation to many. He brought out so beautifully and tenderly the rich thought of poet and musician. Those songs will be evermore to all those who heard him new fountains of spiritual joy.

* * * *

The Kelts have contributed so much to the enrichment of English literature and English musical form, that one, even the intelligent, is apt to forget the source of it all. Then Welsh literature and music in their evolution and triumph present a miracle. It is worth much to know the history, the birth, the growth, life of a poem or song. No one but a master hand can handle these subjects. Professor ApMadoc is that master.

EXTRACT FROM A TWO-COLUMN TRIBUTE IN THE UTICA "DAILY PRESS."

Many friends in this city and throughout Central New York will learn with sincere regret and sorrow of the death of Prof. William ApMadoc, which oc-

curred at his home in Chicago last Saturday. For nearly thirty years he was a resident of Utica, and during that time none was better known here, especially in musical circles. He was a singer and composer of marked ability, as well as a poet, writer and critic, and he made his influence felt in the community. Moreover, he possessed a commanding and distinguished appearance, coupled with a grace of manner and felicity of speech that won for him immediate admiration and recognition.

* * * *

"THE DRYCH," THE WELSH ORGAN FOR AMERICA, IN SEVERAL SUCCESSIVE NUMBERS HAD VARIOUS TRIBUTES IN PROSE AND VERSE. FROM ONE OF THE EDITORIALS WE TRANSLATE:

In the recent death of Mr. ApMadoc the Welsh people have lost one of their best known representatives. His name has been a household word in Wales for half a century. Many were more gifted than he on certain lines, but the multiplicity of his gifts made him unique among his people. Nature had endowed him with an imposing presence; he had a mind well trained and he made the most of his privileges. His diction both in Welsh and English testified to his culture. We have been associated with him in Bardict contests, in editorial tasks and committee work, and in all these capacities he displayed peculiar talents. His services, if not always classical, were always popular. As a choral leader, as a critical judge of musical compositions and interpretations, he demonstrated the judicial quality of his mind as well as his enthusiasm. His power as an organizer was great. He was a man with five talents and he made good use of them all.

* * * *

In Kymric history, literature and music Mr. ApMadoc was considered an authority. He originated and organized the World's Fair, 1893, International Eisteddvod, the most imposing festival in the annals of the Kymric people. He served with distinction at over one hundred Eisteddvods, besides at the Buffalo and St. Louis Expositions, as adjudicator of musical and literary contests.

A Brief Sketch *of* Mr. William ApMadoc

Mr. William ApMadoc, author of the librettos of Dr. W. Rhys-Herbert's sacred cantatas, "Bethany," "The Nazarene" and "Bethlehem" (also of "Calvary" and "Olivet," not yet published), was a native of Wales, the "Land of Song and Poetry."

In his boyhood days he was a frequent competitor at the Eisteddvod of that country and won many prizes for short essays, poems, and in solos and elocution. In the latter art we are informed that he never lost a prize. His early training and natural love for literature account for his success in the writing of lyrics for some of the Welsh composers of music, in translating Welsh and English lyrics and in adapting Welsh words to English songs.

During his early life he was advised to write librettos for light opera and to utilize some of the historic stories that abound in South Wales as subjects. He chose the tragic story of "The Maid of Kednydva"—a farm residence four miles distant from his native town—and produced a work that has been pronounced one of the best in Welsh literature. It has been set to music by D. J. J. Mason, Musical Doctor, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., with an English version.

Mr. ApMadoc came to America in 1869. After touring the Eastern states for two years as the tenor of the "Llwyvo Concert Troupe," he settled in Utica, New York, where he gave vocal instructions, managed church choirs, and organized the "Utica Harmonics," a society of select voices, which performed Haydn's "Creation," Costa's "Nammen," Mendelssohn's cantatas and other works during its ten years of existence, with much public approval.

In 1890 Mr. ApMadoc came to Chicago, "providentially in time," as one writer puts it, to organize a "National Cymrodorion Society," which, in less than ten months' time was led by its founder to prepare to hold, in 1893, an International Eisteddvod, the first of its kind and the most successful in the history of that festival. He initiated, organized, and, as general secretary, carried it onward to a brilliant success.

It will be interesting to know that Professor ApMadoc has served in all the functions of the famous national festival of the Welsh, about 145 times—a remarkable record. He has served ably as one of the adjudicators of music at the "Exposition Eisteddvod"—of Buffalo in 1902, of St. Louis in 1904, as conductor and literary adjudicator at Pittsburgh in 1913, and recently (July 27-30, 1915) as "acting Arch-Druid" of the "Bardic Garsedd," and as "Platform Organizer" and "Master of Ceremonies" at the Panama Exposition International Eisteddvod, at San Francisco. The *Daily Morning Chronicle* of that city published the following compliment for his delightful manner in carrying out the program of each day:

> Professor ApMadoc handled much of the business of the session, all of it with the finest humor imaginable, discounting the assertion I have sometimes heard urged, that the Welsh lack a sense of humor. ApMadoc's humor is racy and abounding.

The *Pittsburgh Dispatch,* the day after one of the ten Eisteddvods of that city, at which Mr. ApMadoc served as adjudicator of the singing contests, of essays, poetry and elocution, said:

> Professor ApMadoc is today the most thorough and able Eisteddvodist in America, being qualified to perform any duty in connection with the Eisteddvod. He has repeatedly, and with marked distinction, fulfilled the functions of musical, elocutionary and poetical adjudicator, besides being a conductor. At the present time he is the only Cambro-American that has been honored with being selected adjudicator and singer at the National Eisteddvod in Wales.

A writer in a recent issue of the Chicago *Music News* remarks that "Mr. ApMadoc is aptly spoken of in the Welsh newspapers in this country, as well as in Wales, as "a man of diverse talents." From one of his old friends, born in the same South Wales town, I learn that when he was a boy of eighteen he translated portions of Sheridan's "Pezzaro," adapted them for stage presentation, trained a company of his "chums" to act their parts, and created a sensation by a fine dramatic performance in one of the then popular "Penny-Readings" meetings.

"We walk together," said Superstition to Religion. "Only on the path of ignorance," replied Religion.

To open the gates of Paradise two must turn the key.

Misery sought an abode. She chose an empty heart.

The Eisteddvod of the Kymry

It would be well to state, at the outset, that the real name of the inhabitants of Wales is "Kymry," and not "Welsh,"—though it would be a difficult task to make a correction of the kind effective. Kymry is pronounced Kumry, or Kumri. It is hardly necessary at the present time to instruct readers of musical magazines how to pronounce the word Eisteddvod—the ancient and unique competitive festival of the Kymric people. The name has become familiar throughout Great Britain, Germany and the United States.

In the best sense of the word "Eisteddvod" means a "sitting" of poets, essayists, orators, harpists and singers in competitive sessions. Another definition reads: "A congress of bards and musicians in friendly efforts for artistic excellence." There is no English equivalent for the word, nor is there any for other important words found in the ancient Kymric tongue.

The Eisteddvod holiday season, just passed, had fewer festivals to mark it in the United States than usual. The most notable one was held New Year's Day at Utica, N. Y., where four male choirs contended for the $400 prize, the contest proving to be quite meritorious. The prize was won by a remarkable choral performance of "Homeward Bound" by the Gwent Society of Edwardsdale, Pa. The same Eisteddvod had a real Kymric program of competitive exercise in poetry, essays, novels, translations, declamations for young men and women, besides vocal and piano playing contests. The Eisteddvod proper must have in its program exercises that are literary as well as musical. Such is the case, and has always been so, in the National Eisteddvod in Wales. Mere musical competitive festivals are not Eisteddvods.

Its Origin.—The origin of the Eisteddvod dates back into the centuries before the Christian era—into the Britonic primitive estate when the Druids controlled its functions. In glancing backward to this remote period we pass by and leave behind the stories and historic remains of peoples born after the Kymric race had become a full-grown nation, with its kings, princes, and governmental establishments. Song and harp contests were features of the home-life, and of the festivals of the "groves"—the "temples of the gods."

According to the old Cambrian laws, there were three kinds of Eisteddvods: The Royal, or that which enacted the laws; the Eisteddvod of Justice, where criminals were tried and where legal questions were decided; the Bardic Eisteddvod, held according to the rules and rites of the "Bards of the Island of Britain." "Bards bear no naked weapons against, nor in the presence of anyone, and no one is permitted to do so in their presence, for a bard is the minister of peace, refuge and justice."

The Bardic Eisteddvod is that of the present day in many of its features. It has been instrumental, along with pulpit and press, in preserving until the present time the rich, sonorous Kymric tongue with its wealth of poetic and melodic literature. The majority of the people of Scotland have for the last century adopted the English language. So have the Irish, though a remarkable Irish revival is now in progress. Wales, on the other hand, has had, and has today, a living literature. It has libraries of old Mss. and modern Kymric books, a powerful press, an eloquent pulpit, a collegiate Sunday School, three universities, and the Eisteddvod. It seems that the Kymry have been a veritable fulfillment of the prophecy of their chief bard Taliesin of the sixth century—"Eu Ner a folant, eu hiaith a Gadwant, eu tir a gollant ond Gwyllt Walia"—"Their God they'll adore, their language they'll keep, their country they'll lose, save Wild Wales." The most authentic records have it that the first royally ancient Eisteddvod was held in the fourth century by Owen Ap Maxen Wledig, who, when the Romans departed from the island, was crowned king of the ancient Britons. Other royal Eisteddvods are recorded in Kymric ancient history, the chief of which are the ones held in the sixth century by Prince Maelgwyn Gwynedd; in the seventh century under the auspices of Cadwallader Vendigaid; in the tenth century under Prince Cadwgan Ap Bleddyn, and the most noted of all during the middle ages, the one held at Caersws under the patronage of Prince Griffith Ap Cynan. Throughout the dark ages the people of Wales had a literature of their own —the love of letters and of music was never extinguished among them.

The chief Eisteddvods have their "runic sign"—their "Nod cyfrin"—which is nothing less than the sign of God's unutterable name—a mystery. Ancient and historic mottoes adorn the platforms and walls of all proper Eisteddvods. The motto common to all is: "Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd"—"The Truth Against the World." Others are: "Nothing is truly good that can be excelled;" "Heart to heart;" "In the sun's face, the eye of light;" "Awake! it is day," and many others in possession of certain bardic circles in the several counties of the principality. "God, and all goodness," "O Jesus, repress injustice," and many others show the religious bent of the Keltic mind.

Ancient Musical Features.—Playing upon the triple-stringed harp, and upon the Kymric Crwth (a six-stringed violin), constituted the instrumental portion of the festival in the earlier centuries. The pipe of the shepherds figured but little in the musical contests. Bards were also harpists. There are in printed volumes today hundreds of old Cambrian melodies composed by these bard-harpists, which are unsurpassed in perfection of form, in beauty, and in pathos. Some of these, it is believed, were composed impromptu, while "Master-Singers" sung impromptu verses in their vocal contests to the melodies played upon the harps. This method of singing is called "Penillion-Singing," or "Singing with the Strings"—the singer being skilled in weaving stanzas of different meters to the regular melody. This mode of singing is in vogue today, but there are but few who are real masters of the difficult Art.

MODERN MUSICAL FEATURES.

During the last fifty years or so, vocal music has predominated, much against the will of the literati of the principality. Choral, glee, part-song, quartet, songs, piano and harp solos have been the main features of the festival. Some of the best musicians of Europe have acted as critical judges over these Kymric competitions, such as the late Sir Jules Benedict, Dr. G. A. Macfarren, Sir Joseph Barnby, Dr. Joseph Parry, and of those now living, Dr. Henry Coward, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, president of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and other leading musicians. Through these annual national contests some of the best artists of Wales have come to light and prominence. Among

them Madame Edith Wynne, Madame Megan Watts Hughes, Madame Mary Davies, Miss Clara Williams of Minneapolis, Minn., John Thomas and Aptommas, the celebrated brother harpists, Brinley Richards, Edward German, D. Emlyn Evans, D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac, Dr. Daniel Protheroe, Dr. D. J. J. Mason, Dr. W. Rhys-Herbert, Ben Davies, Ffrancon Davies, Gwilym Miles, H. Evan Williams, James Sauvage, David Davis, Cincinnati; J. Powell Jones, T. S. Lovette, the eminent pianist; Evan Stephens, conductor of the great Tabernacle Choir, Salt Lake City, etc.

During the evening sessions of the leading festivals, the oratorios of "The Messiah," "Samson," "Israel in Egypt," "Elijah," "St. Paul," "The Creation" and others are performed.

The Chairing of the Bard.—This is the main literary feature in all important Eisteddvods. It is the annual custom in the national festivals in Wales. The Bardic oak chair is the highest honor bestowed upon the poet who has composed the worthiest "Awdl," or alliterative ode, wherein the poet exhibits his linguistic skill in using the twenty-four standard meters in alliteration. No other literature contains such a system of alliterative meters. These curious and difficult meter forms were officially promulgated at the Royal Carmarthen (South Wales) Eisteddvod, in the fifteenth century, presided over by Prince Griffith Ap Nicolas, the noble patron of the arts and sciences, and where David Ap Edmwnt won the highest honor of Bardism. It was at this notable festival that the "Awdl" meters were established by royal decree, and by the adoption of the same by the congress of distinguished Kymric bards there assembled.

The chairing of the bard ceremony consists in having all worthy poets present stand in a semi-circle behind the imposing carved oak chair. Then the adjudicator reads his criticism upon the poems submitted to him, and announces at the close the assumed name of the winner. It is a moment of intense silence and anxiety, until the master of ceremonies repeats the assumed name and calls upon the lucky bard to reveal himself. When he does so, he receives a great ovation as he is led by two officials to the stage. A great chorus will sing the national anthem, or a brass band will play "See the conquering hero comes." The honored poet stands in front of the "Chair," facing the audience, while the chief bard of the day reads the bardic proclamation, and, immediately after, a sheathed sword is held horizontally above the head of the poet by a bardic official standing on his left, with the handle toward the chief bard, on the right, who draws the sword halfways out of the scabbard while he utters in stentorian tones three times the peace-challenge question—"Is there peace?" Three times comes the answer, "Peace," in thunderous tones from the sonorous throats of the audience. After this the sword is pushed back into the scabbard, the circle of poets place their right hands on the poet's head, while the chief bard repeats the famous chair "Englyn"—

> Credwch, chwi feib Ceridwen,—fryd uchel,
> Na fradychwyd Awen;
> Cadeiriwyd mewn coed derwen
> Y bardd a farnwyd yn ben.

There is no English equivalent for "Englyn"—the first stanza-meter of the alliterative group. We present a free and very inadequate translation of it—"Believe, ye high-souled sons of Poesy, that the muse is not dishonored; in the oaken bardic chair shall be seated the poet who is adjudged the master of all." Then, the poet unchallenged, seats himself into the full possession of the coveted honor amid the cheers of the throng, followed by the congratulatory effusions of the poets, and the singing of the national anthem—"The Land of our Fathers." *William ApMadoc.*

CORRESPONDENCE

English Unitarians on the War

To the Editor of UNITY:

Dear Sir: On reading your comments, October 12, on the discourses by English Unitarians on the War,—so unsatisfactory to you,—I agree with you in objecting to "fitting the thought of a loving God into the facts of current butchery." But I think that they and you can agree that God has been carrying forward through the ages a work of spiritual creation, to be consummated in the ages to come in full grown humanity in his own likeness. "Man as yet is being made," says Tennyson. In this time-long work, man must fear God and take his part. Apart from such freely-willed co-operation with God, in which man himself must "work out the beast,"—his crude inheritance,—and "let the Ape and Tiger die," can God avert catastrophe, inseparable from man's refusal to take his part?

Mysterious as is the will of God in many respects, all experience has revealed the certainty of it in one respect,—God will never break the constant sequence of *cause and effect*. Men have learned by bitter experience that if disastrous evils are to be abolished, *they* must abolish the *causes*. In physical interests they have thus been disciplined to work with God in Nature so as to build unsinkable ships and banish cholera and yellow fever, etcetera. They have not thus learned yet to work with God for moral health and spiritual soundness. Hence moral plagues and catastrophes. The present awful tragedy and unspeakable woe of Europe, convulsing the world with its horror, *cannot* be fitted into the thought of a loving God." It is as alien to that as Hell is to Heaven. Nor is it a thing by itself, but only part of a thing. The *whole* thing is the cause and the effect in their inseparability. When man wills a cause, he implicity, though often ignorantly, wills the effect. As a wise parent often lets a wilful child "have his will" as the most effectual way of learning the folly of it, so I think of God, who never forces our will, since only as freely willed by us can our spiritual correction result. Such is the theodicy which I have offered to those whose faith in the Fatherhood of God has been shattered by Europe's woe. On these grounds I am not ready to criticize the recent utterances of my Unitarian friends in England.

Sincerely yours,

October 23, 1916. JAMES M. WHITON.
65 *West* 127*th St., New York City.*

"Why are you not more glad to see me?" asked Pleasure of one of her favorites. "Because you call so often," answered the spoiled girl.

Mercury, carrying news, lost his winged sandals. He borrowed Gossip's tongue.

"I am tired of life," exclaimed a disappointed woman. "Why?" asked a more fortunate sister. "Because I have never lived," she replied.

Man's Greatest Enemy

The following thumb-nail essay by Elbert Hubbard, one of the Americans who went down on the Lusitania, is reprinted from *Hearst's Magazine* for October, where it appeared with an illustration by Charles A. Winter. Mr. Hubbard was in no sense a Prohibitionist, and this essay is one of the many written upon a great variety of topics and in the indomitable style which made the author so popular with magazine readers:

If this European war sobers the human race, it will not be fought in vain.

Lloyd George says: "We are not only fighting Austria and Germany, we are fighting an enemy more powerful than either, and that is Strong Drink."

And Kitchener, Asquith, Grey and King George have approved the sentiment.

Great Britain has been cursed by strong drink for hundreds of years; but the fact was never borne in on the governmental consciousness until very recently.

Three centuries before Christ, Aristotle said to Alexander the Great: "The enemies of your army are in your own camp."

What he meant was that ruthless ambition, ignorance and appetite were enemies that would eventually undo any army.

And certainly Alexander himself was not undone by his foreign enemies, but by the enemies that existed in his own nature.

Alexander died sighing for more worlds to conquer; yet he had never conquered his own spirit.

Let the people of England conquer their appetites. By so doing they will set the world an example of heroism, and relieve themselves from a taunt that has been leveled at them for centuries.

To have endeavored before this to stop the sale of strong drink in England by national edict might have met with a violent protest. Russia can issue an order and have it respected. But the people of England must decide every great question for themselves.

Now, however, thanks to one of the secondary effects of war, purity and progress have their inning.

It is a frightful price to pay; but the war will be worth the cost if this consummation can be brought about, and Great Britain can be made a sober country.

The cost of strong drink in America is about the same per capita as it is in England. But, as liquor here is twice as high in price as in Europe, we get only half as much swill for the money.

Let us not boast—we are far from being a temperate people.

The cost of strong drink in Great Britain and America averages $20 per person for men, women and children per year.

America's drink bill is two thousand million dollars a year. This is a good deal more than it costs to run the government, pay pensions and maintain the army and navy, all combined.

Twenty million of our people are adults, and ten million of these are total abstainers.

If we face these facts as matters of economics and hygiene—just questions of common sense and expediency—perhaps we can see the Lloyd George view and mend our ways.

Thus we get the curious fact that ten million people pay out $200 each a year for something which they would be much better off without.

It is quite likely that both woman suffrage and Prohibition will be secondary war effects in Great Britain.

And both will be to the very great advantage and benefit of the nation in perhaps a dozen different ways.

And just here let us not forget that it was a very great Englishman who wrote the deathless line:

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

Elbert Hubbard.

THE OLD MAID.

She crossed over from the mainland on a wicked winter morning,—
I have never seen the mainland,—the sky was black with squall;
I mind well the sinful weather
And the ruin of her feather.
Eh, she was as wet as water, but she never cared at all.
We took her for a missioner; she giggled when we told her so;
A funny, sudden laugh she had that lilted like a tune.
She said she liked to look of us,
And thought she'd make a book of us.
She took our little upstairs room and stayed until the June.

No man at all to fend for her! "Poor thing!" I would be calling her.
There was no fortune in her face, and she was monstrous old.
When I was lacking years of that
I'd 'Lizabeth and Lem and Nat;
But you'd have thought her seventeen the way she up and told.
And always smiling to herself, the like of hearing happy news,
And kind of keeping marching step, as if she neard a band.
The gay and swinging stride of her!
Eh, grief and care walked wide of her!
I'd leave my work to look at her go speeding down the sand.

"Sea-going men, home-keeping maids," that's what the parson always says,
But just the same he liked her fine, and doc and teacher, too,
And rare and pleased to walk with her,
To lug her books and talk with her.
I wonder is her way the way all mainland women do,
And how the children tagged her round, and what she couldn't do with them!
It wasn't hardly fair to us, somehow, it seemed to me,
The way she could be sharing them
Without the pang of bearing them.
I'd sit and think and think of it when Lem was on the sea.

She used to tell me stories, too. Some of them I remember still.
I went far up the cove and cried the day the book was through.
Afternoons we sewed together,
And she *gave* me that grand feather.
I curled it in the oven and it came as good as new.
The while she stayed it didn't seem the island was a lonesome place.
The town went swarming to the boat and waving her good-by.
I redded up the room again,
Eh, back to mop and broom again;
But I am going to see the mainland some day before I die.

The Century Magazine. —*Ruth Comfort Mitchell.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

A CLEAR LAKE CAMP DINNER.

The annual camp dinner was held on Monday evening, October 9, at 6:30. One hundred and twenty-five boys and girls who have enjoyed the hospitality of Clear Lake Camp this summer marched triumphantly into the Emerson Hall at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, where long tables laden with good things awaited them. Knowing the camp appetites, everything was in abundance. Dinner over, there were short speeches by Mr. Jones, Miss Zellmann and Mrs. L. M. Smith, and then a program given entirely by the "campers." "Dorm. II" opened the program with camp songs, then Celia Kurland gave Eugene Field's "Just Before Christmas." Gertrude Stein astonished every one by singing "Sail On" in a voice pitched somewhere in the region of her shoes, then followed a splendid performance of a scene from Nicholas Nickleby, with Hazel Stevenson, Gretta Reynolds, Mary Brimstin and Bernadette Berkenmeier in the cast. There were piano solos by Margaret Oliver and Sylvia Lee and real insight into camp life in the poems, "The Vegetable Hour," read by Mary Brimstin, and "A Trip to Town," by Hazel Stevenson. More camp songs closed the program, then there were announcements by Miss Jerome, successor to Miss Jones in the Domestic Science Department; by Mr. Kirkland, the new boy worker and a very interesting announcement by Mr. Jones to the effect that one night a week would be devoted to gymnasium work for women if a class of ten or more could be formed. The evening was surely a success. V. W. G.

SIX EVENINGS OF CURRENT POETRY.

A series of six readings of contemporaneous poetry by Jenkin Lloyd Jones was most auspiciously inaugurated on Monday evening, October 30th. About forty friends were greeted at the door of the pastor's pleasant apartment on the fifth floor of the Lincoln Centre building, and made comfortable in the warm atmosphere of the home-like living-rooms.

This series will present on successive Monday evenings selections from the wealth of new poetry now flooding the literary world which has been boiled down to an hour's reading, on each of the following subjects:

1. At the Battle-Front.
2. With Some Women Poets.
3. From Over the Seas.
4. With the Toilers.
5. Out of Doors.
6. In the Foreground.

This first evening's presentation gave us a hint of the wealth of poetical outpourings which have been born out of the strain, the heartache, the grimness, the patriotic exaltation of war, and even the humor of the trenches. There were selections from Joseph Lee, from the talented and lamented Englishman, Rupert Brooke, and his friend Wilfrid Wilson Gibson; also Helen Gray Cone's "Chant of Love for England," Henry VanDyke's "Stain not the Sky," Richard LeGallienne's "Women and War," and W. N. Ewer's song of the five disembodied peasant-soldier souls, made immortal by the exquisite rendering of the charming Fuller sisters.

Nor was our own Vachel Lindsay overlooked, the western poet whose reputation is assured had he written nothing beyond his poem, "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight."

"He cannot rest until a spirit dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the workers' Earth
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea."

Next Monday night the women poets will be given their chance to show what they are doing in these days of woman's wonderful opportunities, and from all indications there is likely to be a remarkable showing. A. L. K.

LEAVES.

One by one, like leaves from a tree,
All my faiths have forsaken me;
But the stars above my head
Burn in white and delicate red,
And beneath my feet the earth
Brings the sturdy grass to birth.
I who was content to be
But a silken—singing tree,
But a rustle of delight
In the wilful heart of night—
I have lost the leaves that knew
Touch of rain and weight of dew.
Blinded by a leafy crown
I looked neither up nor down—
But the little leaves that die
Have left me room to see the sky;
Now for the first time I know
Stars above and earth below.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

From "Rivers to the Sea."

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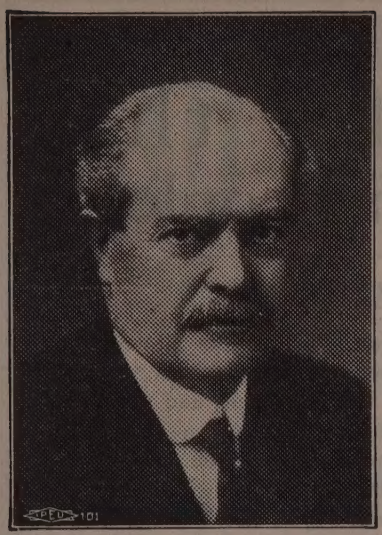


Governor Dunne, in addressing a large audience at Carthage, again criticized Colonel Lowden's attitude on the Waterway. Governor Dunne said in part:

"Col. Lowden's silence on one very important issue in this campaign is more than strange; in view of his connections and the character of his support, it is sinister. I refer to the waterway from the lakes to the gulf.

When I read the republican platform and observed the omission of a waterway plank, I was astonished. The republicans in the state legislature, I recalled, had supported the waterway. Senator Sherman has been one of its most ardent advocates. The republican convention of 1914 strongly endorsed it. Why was the Peoria convention silent?

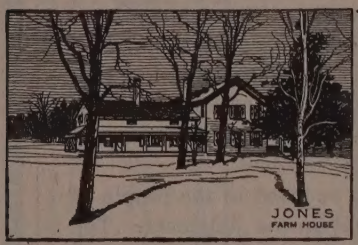
There is only one explanation possible; the candidate for governor must have insisted upon striking this plank out. The party was so strongly on record before, that only Mr. Lowden himself, by taking an obstinate stand, could have obtained such a complete reversal.

Why did Mr. Lowden do this? He has declined to answer. We must find the answer ourselves. To anyone who is familiar with the selfish, soulless, visionless viewpoint of a certain class of men who control great corporations, an answer immediately suggests itself. Waterways always reduce railway rates; the railroads are against the Illinois waterway. But can it be possible that a nominee of a great party for governor, seriously presented as the trustee for all the people of this state for the next four years, is opposed to a great public improvement which is vital to the prosperity and progress of this region, because it might hurt the profits of the railroads?

Unfortunately, no other conclusion is possible. Mr. Lowden's financial interests, his associates in this campaign and the character of that campaign leave no other explanation to be made.

I do not regard the deep waterway proposition as exclusively a democratic measure. I am not so prejudiced as to claim all the credit for it. It concerns the interests of all the people of the state. The bill providing for it was passed by a republican legislature. I am glad to say that it has had the endorsement of the great newspapers of the state, regardless of their political affiliations. The Association of Commerce, Commercial Clubs, Boards of Trade, organizations of business men, all regardless of politics, have favored this plan.

I put it before you, not as a party measure but as a great and important project that means millions of dollars saved to the people of the state after it is in operation. It is discussed as an issue in this campaign because Col. Lowden not only refuses to endorse it but refuses to even tell where he stands; the only conclusion of course being left is that he is against it. The deliberate action of the Republican State Convention in avoiding any reference to this matter in their platform also makes it a party issue. I appeal for the support of this measure to the great independent and business interests of the state because it is of vital interest to their welfare. It is a measure that was lifted out of party politics entirely until the republicans made it an issue by refusing to discuss it in their present platform. The one positive conclusion is that if Mr. Lowden is elected Governor, there will be no waterway.



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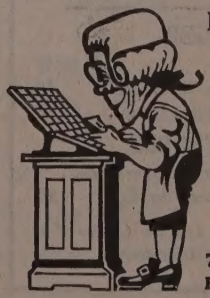

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INTRODUCTION

I do not know when I have read a more interesting collection of chapters than those in Dr. Jones' book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." They are true, and truth is always interesting. Half-truths are dull, and most writing is only half-truths. It is only the prophet who speaks the whole truth, and Dr. Jones is one of the prophets. No outworn shibboleths for him; no reposing in medieval formulas of thought; no clinging to customs simply because they are ancient; no allegiance to a thought because the mob holds it; no meeting of twentieth century problems with outgrown weapons. There is nothing of these things here. There is only thought that transcends conventions; love that spreads far beyond national boundaries; vision that appreciates the great human-divine soul of man in every land; patriotism that claims the foreigner as a brother to be loved rather than the enemy to be killed.

Dr. Jones finds something to be loved in the people of every land. He is perfectly right in his judgment. The people of Europe had nothing to do with bringing on this war. The Germans did not hate Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a handful of so-called statesmen who did it all, and it is only a few statesmen, editors and generals who hate other nations and egg their peoples into war. The path to peace lies through the hearts and minds of the people. These men who are killing one another in the trenches, put them all together, dress them as civilians, get the officials out of the way and they would have as happy a time as children at a Sunday School picnic. Peoples are already much the same, and *brothers;* governments emphasize differences, fan false patriotism, shout national ambitions, and are *enemies* of one another.

I do not recall any other book which brings out so strikingly the finest characteristics of each nation as does this. Here we see the real German, the real Russian, the real Frenchman and so on, and they are all lovable and have high qualities. Would that such a book as this could be put into the hands of our school children. It would not only make for their good-will toward the peoples of other lands, but would vastly increase their appreciation of the neighbor who lives next door.

FREDERICK LYNCH, D.D.

New York City, August 1, 1916.